

Changed Perspectives

by Starisha23

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Summary: Two lovebirds get separated through betrayal and worry. 6 long years go by and fate is working overtime. They meet once again, but can their love flourish when the perspectives have changed?

1. Chapter 1: Fuck You!

****Changed perspectives****

****Hey! It's me again with another hijack story! Unlike the other one Jack (18) is only a year older than Hiccup (17). Estimated chapters: 20. This story is going to be written by me and naomicandyxxx I'm writing this chapter and she'll write the next one and so on, soâ€¦****

****Enjoy.****

****Warning: Bad languageâ€¦ And a lot of it.****

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><p>Chapter 1: Fuck You!

Hiccup's eye's fluttered open, slits, as warm light seeped in through the curtain crack hitting his face with such ferocity it made him cringe. A chilled breeze entered through the ajar window and set a shiver up his naked skin. Feeling something pressed against his back he smiled closed his eyes and turned around to cuddle up to the shape but opening his eyes he came face to face with his pillow.

Huh? He could have sworn he fell asleep with Jack last night. He must have left through the opened window. Hiccup smiled remembering the amazing event of last night. Jack had been so gentle and loving with him as it was his first time. Even though he had no one to compare

Jack to he already knew he was the best lover he would ever have.

It was easy to see he was in love.

Sitting up in bed he stretched his hands reaching for the sky, he was for once actually happy to go to school as long as Jack walked with him with his firm arm wrapped around him. Ahh, how he loved those reassuring arms around him. Getting up he pulled on a pair of clean boxers noticing the absence of Jack's cloths.

He did his morning routine happier than usual with a spring in his step and even his father had notice witch was quite out of character for him. Unplugging his smart phone from its charger he scrolled through his notifications, boring, boring, ohâ€¦ boring, and then he came across a text from Jack. Hiccup smiled opening the text quickly.

What Hiccup saw caused him to stagger back against the nearest wall back clashing with it shamelessly as if he had given up, all of sudden he was becoming dizzy no longer able to stand and he slid down to floor hunched over his bent knees. The ringing in his ears, the burning in his eyes and the lump in his throat killing him. He hated felling so weak and helpless.

But whatever he was thinking, feeling, hearing, soon was gone replaced by a burning anger. The text wasn't even a full sentence and had no feelings in it, not even the smallest of remorse for his poor broken heart. Standing up he told himself that he was already over it, he just didn't know how long he would be able to fool himself so.

And so he read over it againâ€¦

'_Need 2 break up'_

And it just made him so much angrier that he ended up throwing his phone across the room.

Was he not even worth a fucking proper sentence now! And what's up with the number, need to break up with who? Be more fucking specific moron. Oh this was a sick, sick joke, it had to be! No fucking way had he just lost his virginity and got broken up with, within the last twenty four fucking hours.

So completely overwhelmed by anger he hadn't even noticed he was crying until he saw it fall onto his open palm: a small tear that Jack had caused. He promised he would never hurt him never let him cry alone. What happened to that huh? Where the fuck you at now?

Probably fucking that Heather chick who's always all over you. Ye you probably are.

Wiping his tears he set a deadly scowl on his face that would make any grown man cry. There was no way Frost was going to get away with this shit, no way in hell.

Filed with anger he rushed to get his phone back then ran down the stair's picking up his bag on his way out of the door slamming it behind him as he left.

Oh Jack was so gonna get it now, that shithead was going to die and Hiccup would come to his funeral dressing in pink and spit on his grave and even though he still loved the boy his hatred for him had taken over completely.

Arriving at school he went to the field and stood next to the tree Jack usually hung out at when Hiccup wasn't there. Hiccup climbed the tree with all the strength he held within his lither figure. He didn't know how long he stayed up there and looking to his watch he had about 15 minutes till classes started. Peering through the tree leaves he saw a certain white haired boy approached the tree he was sitting in.

Finally, fashionably late as usually. When Jack had finally reached the tree, Hiccup tried his best to get out of the tree as elegantly as he could. Even though the anger had calmed down the fire was still burning and the pain was still unbearable. He ended up falling funny on his ankle. _Shit._ He swore in his head it was probably sprained now.

"Huh? Hiccup! What are you doing here?" Jack asked looking up at the tree the younger boy had practically fallen out of. Jack's heart was beating intermittently. Oh, he was so going to get it now.

Hiccups anger began to swell once again as he looked into Jacks scared orbs. _Good he should be fucking terrified._

"What am I doing here?" Hiccup looked at him innocently and he didn't think Jack could look any more shook then he already was. "Oh just wanderingâ€¦" he started, "Why my fucking boyfriend broke up with me via a bloody text!" He shouted innocence left on the floor for dead there was no more goody-two-shoed Hiccup anymore.

"Hiccup Iâ€¦" Jack started out soft but his eyes turned hard and he set a glare on the younger boy remembering what he had to do. "Listen, I made a mistake to go out with you in the first place I don't know what was going through my head when I asked you out, I must have been high. The truth is I didn't want to hurt you and I felt sorry for you tight ass." That got Hiccup boiling and he felt like he was about to explode, he didn't need anyone's pity.

"Also it got kinda fun after a while playing with your head, screwing with your body. You were just too naive and stupid to realise I'm not gay like you faggot." Jack laughed in his face and hiccup clenched his fist even harder, nail's digging into his skin. "Your dad must be so ashamed of you." That was the last fucking straw.

People had gathered round to see what all the fuss was about and by the time Jack had finished his rant everyone was either laughing or talking among each other. Jack had done it, he had made an absolute fool out of him. There was no point in holding back now and Hiccup let the tear's fall shamelessly.

"Shut the fuck up!" Hiccup screeched tears pouring out of his eyes like waterfalls. That seemed to bring Jack down from his high horse and actually see the damage he had caused with his sharp words.

"You have no idea what I went through because of you! You know that day I came in with a cast round my arm and I told you I fell down the

stairs!" Jack nodded not expecting Hiccup to be someone to talk back. "Well the day before I told my dad I was fucking gay and dating a dumb jock!"

Jack eye's opened in realisation, shit, he had actually believed him that day. He was so fucking stupid.

"So you know what!" Hiccup said catching Jacks wrist pulling him down to eye level. "Fuck you!" He stormed away after that not looking back once and something in Jack broke just like it had in Hiccup that day.

Two fucking destroyed hearts in the space of an hour.

* * *

><p>The days flew past after that, Hiccup ignoring Jack for the rest of the year never even looking him in the eye when the passed each other in the hall way. Jack just wished he had never sent that text that unfortunate morning but he had his reasons. He was scared.<p>

Just like anyone would be in his position.

Both Hiccup and Jack had talked about the future, Hiccup had decided to go to Oxford University where he had been accepted to study mechanics, while Jack had been offered a place in one of the best football teams in the country.

He just didn't see it working it out, maybe they could have had a long distance relationship but Jack new things like that only existed in sappy romance novels written by unrealistic people, who have probably never been in love before.

So he made the decision that night as he lay awake a naked Hiccup cuddled up to his side that he was going to end it in the least painful way. A text. One simple text. He got dressed and left through the window running back to his house forgetting about closing it behind him.

He had thought it was all going to work out but oh boy was he wrong, he had never expected Hiccup to explode like that. Never in a million years had he ever seen him so angry.

Jack tried multiple times to apologize but Hiccup brushed him off and threw him away like yesterday's trash and carried on walking as his best friend Astrid glared back at him.

Soon Jack gave up for forgiveness and soon started dating Heather, cheer captain. There were no feeling involved there, well on Jacks part anyway, it was more like he was forced into a relationship.

The newly single jock, Jack was now required to have a girlfriend or if he dared boyfriend, knowing having a boyfriend would hurt Hiccup more than him having a girlfriend the bisexual boy started dating Heather. The hottest boy in the school with the sexiest girl in the school. The perfect match.

No improvements were made between Hiccup and Jack and they still didn't talk to each other. Graduation came soon and Jack thought he

would at least try and ask for forgiveness from Hiccup one last time but just like all that time ago when they first broke up Hiccup asked one thing of Jack.

"Fuck of."

And he walked to his car driving off into the distance leaving Jack gapping and he was so sure he was going to be forgiven. I guess happily ever after's didn't exist for him anymore.

But Jack swore he would find Hiccup again and love him forever, because love like that doesn't just die outâ€|

* * *

><p>Finally finished it Naomi has been nagging me all week to get this done so here you are next chapter will be done by her and let me tell you know she's a really good writer, I've read her stuff before, although it's not on fan fiction it's on wattpad. im in the **process of writing chapter 3 of luck all around so please keep calm i have not abandoned the story!**

2. Chapter 2: Good News

Changed perspectives

Hey so this is chapter two by naomi hope you like. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Good News

* * *

><p>It had been an average Tuesday morning in Berk and Hiccup had been munching away at toast.<p>

"Oi!" Astrid had seized the toast and scowled at the surprised young man. "You see toast, I see a slice of calories that will result in a massive decrease in modelling offers." After leaving university Hiccup had decided he no longer wanted to be a mechanic but he wanted to go into the media, he started of as a model but worked his way up to acting and he had recently audition orfa new T.V show name undecided.

Hiccup gave Astrid a dirty look and rolled his eyes. Hiccup loved modelling but he didn't see the use in starving himself. Astrid looked at her client and wondered what on earth made her want to sign up such a stubborn person. She didn't know whether to slap him or to give him all his attitude back in extra doses. She settled on giving him a little knock on the back of his head that sent him flying into the wooden breakfast table. His head rebounded and he sat up in a huff, his nose slightly red. Astrid giggled childishly as she compared Hiccup to Rudolph, the widely known reindeer.

"I'm going to check the mail and I'll be right back." Assured Astrid.

"I'm not a baby Astrid, I can look after myself." Hiccup remarked,

slightly offended that his best friend of 23 years would even say such a thing.

"Yeah, yeah just don't burn the house down while I'm gone okay Rudolph?" Astrid laughed as she strolled out the door. Hiccup glared at his best friend and manager muttering profanities, he couldn't help but smile at the memories of all the times the feisty blond had stuck up for him.

Astrid walked along the landing of the four storey building and drank in her surroundings. Her job had always kept her on the edge and as a result, she always had her eyes alert, not allowing herself to drop her guard and keep strong for her clients. Even though Hiccup seemed to be the happy-go-lucky type, she knew that under the facade was a scared, fragile little boy that hadn't fully grown up yet. Astrid pushed the lift button and waited in patience for the machine to ding. After about 2 minutes of silence, Astrid sighed in frustration and retreated to the staircase. She skipped down them cheerily and made her way to the building letterbox. She ran her finger across the various other letterboxes until she reached number 16. She took out her keys and unlocked it, barely able to stop the overflow of letters pouring out onto the concrete floor. Unfortunately, Astrid's dainty hands couldn't keep her grasp on the letter volcano and so she threw her hands up and let out a groan of frustration. She slammed the letterbox door closed and heard the satisfactory click as re-locked itself. She grabbed all the letters and struggled to open the door at the same time. When she finally got in, there was a moment of gentle reflection before she started the journey of four flights of stairs.

Hiccup stared around the living room as he waited for his best friend to appear through the door. His small attention span made him grow bored and he retreated to his room to find something else to do. He settled on browsing through the internet on his laptop but he quickly grew bored of that too. The king sized bed on the far left corner of his room bellowed to him as he flopped down on the soft, plush cushions and sighed contentedly. He heard his best friend come back into the two bedroom flat but didn't have the energy to go and annoy her.

Astrid sat down on the big red recliner in her and Hiccup's living room and stared at the TV blankly. She had gone through some of the letters to discover that it was mostly junk mail offering her claims on nonexistent bank accounts and accidents. She decided to go through them properly later and would focus on the antics of sponge bob for now. Astrid realised her little peace was short lived as she heard the thumping footsteps of her roommate descending down the stairs. Astrid closed her eyes and wished away her best friend not feeling the slightest bit of guilt as she saw Hiccup standing there confused.

"What now Hiccup?" Astrid asked, exhaustedly.

Hiccup stared at his roommate in utter surprise as he looked at his phone once again.

"Why didn't you tell me, Astrid? This isn't something you should keep from me as your client and best friend." Astrid opened her eyes and and cocked her head in confusion.

"The role! I got the lead role! How can a manager not even know what her clients are up to?" Hiccup's nostrils flared up in exasperation as his managers eyes slowly shifted to the messy pile of letters on the oak table. The duo raced to the table as they gently wrestled to find the thing they were both desperately looking for. Astrid saw the blue logo and snatched the letter up high in the air with a look of triumph clearly on her face. As she ripped open the rough, white envelope, the paper cascaded into her red painted fingers. Her eyes scanned over the letter as she set her brain to alert her the moment she saw any words resembling 'congratulations' or 'accepted'.

Hiccup looked at his manager, a look of anticipation crossed his face before he subconsciously reminded himself that the email could have been wrongly sent. He prepared himself for disappointment but the smile in Astrid's eyes was enough to erase the doubt wedged in his heart. A comfortable silence was upon the room as Astrid and Hiccup's eyes met. Not three seconds later were there shouts of glee and joy as they both pounce on one another. The letters had been scattered in and frenzy as the two best friends embraced each other, not a negative thought in mind.

Astrid let go of Hiccup and went back into her manager mode.

"We -, well I need to go make a few phone calls to YoungAdultTV but after that, we totes need to go celebrate!" Astrid said, slipping into her teenager mode. She rarely did that unless she was very excited. "We both need to go get ready, because I'm taking you shopping! And what the hey, let's go Cream's too! Meet back in 20" Astrid shouted to Hiccup as she disappeared into her room.

Hiccup went off to go get ready and ended up wearing a black shirt, tucked into black jeans accompanied by a Gucci belt and Nike Air Forces. He had 13 minutes to spare and so he decided to go through his phone. Once again, his boredom got the better of him and he decide to give his dad a call. He faltered at the green sign at the remembrance of his last conversation with his dad. Hiccup winced as he remembered Stoick's eyes darken to black as he revealed he wouldn't be a firefighter. His heart jerked at the reaction that was met by his revelation of wanting to be a model. The cruel laughter was enough for Hiccup to never want to see his father again. His conscience got the better of him as he finally pressed the call button.

* * *

><p>Stoick was going home from a long days work as a firefighter when his phone rang. His eyes lit up when he saw that it was his son, Hiccup. He thought that Hiccup would never change his mind and continue that degrading act of being a male model but was overjoyed when he thought Hiccup had changed his mind.<p>

"Hello son! You've changed your mind then? Oh this is great, I can't wait until we can start fighting fires side by side-"

"Actually dad, I just wanted to tell you that I got an acting job!" Hiccup interrupted excitement and hope evident in his voice

"Oh." The disappointment was clear as anything in Stoick's voice and Hiccup knew it. "That's ... very nice son." Stoick was losing interest in this conversation and fast.

"Yeah, and I just felt that you should know from me rather than seeing me on TV."

Stoick could hear the expectancy in his son's voice but couldn't find it in his heart to be happy for him.

"That's really... something son, I hope to see you soon on the big screen or wherever this pansy job gets you."

Hiccup's heart sank as the realisation came to him. His dad was a stubborn bigot and he could never change. "Whatever dad, just...ughh..." with that, Hiccup hung up the phone and threw his smartphone on the other side of the bed. He held his head in his hands and let out a moan of frustration. Why couldn't his dad understand that modelling and acting was his dream? Hiccup was distracted from his thoughts by a small knock on the door.

Astrid wondered whether or not if they should go out still. She knew that Stoick was a tender subject and she had heard all of Hiccup's side of it. She knocked on the door carefully and poked her head through the small crack in the door.

"You ready to go yet?" Hiccup looked at his only friend and knew that she heard the whole conversation. Hiccup decide to play it cool and ignore the recent events like nothing had happened. He stood up and walked up to Astrid combing his fingers through his auburn hair sighing in desperation.

"Yeah let's just leave, I need the distraction anyway!"

The unnecessary cheerfulness did not go unnoticed by Astrid but she too wanted to live in the moment so she opened the door wider and the both left for their outing. Time to have some fun

* * *

><p>There we go i'm soo happy i didn't have to writ this chapter but I will be writing the next chapter so I look forward to it! Don't forget to Follow, Fav and review! :)

3. Chapter 3: Unexpected surprise

****Changed perspectives.****

****So here is chapter 3 done by me Starish23 I hope you like it. I assure you this is _Hijack_ I'm saying this now because after this you might change your mind BUT it's HIJACK! very soon!****

****Enjoyâ€|****

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><p>Chapter 3: Unexpected surprise.

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><p>Jack awoke to the smell of freshly made coffee and an accentuated

pain in the back. God he hated football practice, oh but how he loved coffee. Ever since becoming captain of the biggest football team in the country Jack now had an obligation to show up to every practice and show up early too.

Stretching his tense muscles he lifted the duvet from on top of him and disregarded it on the floor as he stood up, noticing he was alone again. Once again Jack stretched groaning as things popped back into place and muscles felt like they were being ripped apart. Days like these he really wished he could just stay in bed and sleep all day but unluckily he had to get up due to football practice again.

Making his way down stairs the smell of coffee became more potent waking him up further and by the time he reached the bottom of the stairs he was fully conscious. As he entered the kitchen he saw his fianc  standing over their rubbish bin a letter in her hand. He noticed the deadly scowl set on her face and frowned. Walking over he snatched the piece of paper out of her hand, taking her by surprise.

"Have you seen this stupid-ness they want you to do?" She asked folding her hands over her chest and tapping her foot impatiently.

Looking over the letter a bright smile lit up on his face, he actually got a main part. He didn't have to just do football anymore his life didn't have to be so boring anymore. He would get to act and maybe escape his life for however long the producers needed him for. This was his way out.

"I don't see anything stupid here honey." Jack said excitedly. "I actually got the part in it, although I would have preferred someone more important like the main character but at least I'm the love interest!" Jack rambled on and on as his girlfriend stood there impatiently waiting for the man to stop talking.

"Well that's great but I'm guessing you skimmed it." Typical Jack skip everything just to please himself. He saw the words _congratulation's_ and _love interest_ and he was already done not looking for more specifications on what the role specified.

"Ha, ha of course who has time to read all of it?" Jack laughed dancing around their kitchen bumping into various items messing up her orderly set up. He grabbed a chair, swung it round then straddled it giving her a cocky grin. "So you gonna congratulate me or not?"

The woman grabbed a newspaper from the table and wacked it against the back of his head. "No if you had read the rest you would have seen why I'm so irritated." She growled and Jack looked up rubbing his head.

"Fine I'll read it all but you didn't have to hit me so hard Heather." He moaned and she huffed. Picking up the letter again from the floor where he had previously dropped it in his little prance around the kitchen. Sitting on the chair properly he went over it a bright smile still on his pale features. Heather placed a cup of coffee in front of him and he took a few sips.

All of sudden his face dropped into a confused frown and he drew his brows together in an unattractive manner. Placing the paper on the table he jumped up. "I had no idea it was that!" He shouted glancing back at the paper nervously. Crossing her arms over her chest for the nth time she put on a face that clearly said Fuck-that. "Ok so I might have kinda, just a little known, but I was hoping for a side character although main wouldn't be too bad I just-"

"Enough." Heather sighed cutting him off. "Its fine just call in and say you can't do it." She said calmly. Thank her for always having a solution. Jacks face fell once again and he sunk back into his chair.

"But Heather." He drew out. "I really want to do itâ€¦" He put on a puppy face that used to work when they were back in college but it was so over used that the 23 year old had become accustom to it all.

"No but's there will be other opportunities." Heather walked to the house phone as Jack stayed slumped in his chair, sad after his puppy face hadn't worked. After proposing Heather had become the ideal house wife. She cooked and cleaned his flat and soon after declared they were moving in together. It was like she had taken over his life she even started planning the wedding a day after Jack popped the question.

As Heather walked back into the room she tossed the phone at him and he struggled to catch it in his hand and ended up catching it in the crook of his elbow. Dialling the number on the letter he rang up the director directly.

_"Hello?" _

"Hey, this Jack Overland Frost." Jack looked up at Heather who gave him a huge fake smile and a thumbs up. This caused Jack to stick out his tongue in distaste, rolling his eyes.

"Oh Jackson, I'm guessing you got the letter correct?" Jack cringed at the sound of his full name but continued on anyway.

"Yes, I'm actually calling about that." he said into the phone staring intensely at the letter and wringing his hands together.

_"Oh?" _

"Ye well I might- well I know I'm don't want to do it anymore."

"I see. But I'm afraid you're still going to have to do it." His heart sunk, oh what he was going to say to Heather. Turning to face in the other direction to his fiancÃ© he whispered into the phone.

"Ummâ€¦ Why?"

"Why are you whispering?"

"Paparazzi." He once again whispered

"Ah I see" The director mumbled back slightly baffled. _"Well you

see we didn't expect you to drop out so we have no substitute for your part."_

"Shit!"

"What was that Jack?" He heard Heather say from behind him, he rotated his head to look at her seeing her eyes stuck to her morning copy of Ladies gossip.

"Nothing dear." He said holding the phone's microphone. Releasing his hold, he put the phone back to his ear. "Are you absolutely sure you can't change it or call someone in?" Jack asked starting to sound a bit desperate still whispering.

"I'm sure. Why is something wrong?"

"Oh. Not at all. Nothing wrong here." He said his voice trembling a bit. How was he going to tell Heather? Oh he was so dead.

"Well if that's all I'm quite busy."

"Uh sure. Bye.

"Goodbye"

Jack put the phone down slamming it on the table, he usual happy demure completely flushed down the toilet. He was so dead. This was not good the bi-sexual man put landed his forehead on the dinner table not so elegantly and groaned.

"So how'd it go?" Heather asked curious on how the conversation had gone jack had started whispering half way through, secretive basted. Jack mumbled something into the table that she didn't quite catch. "Sit up."

Sitting up Jack looked at her with a face full of mixed emotions that she couldn't quite pick out due to the confusion of the whole situation.

"Oh it went great." Oh, he was using sarcasm again something that he had tried multiple time's failing each time. This time seemed like an even more futile try then the rest. "I still have to do it. Yay me."

"Huh, how come?" Heather frowned deeply setting down her magazine.

"They didn't get me a backup and it's too late to find one but I guess its ok I mean I can still do it just like I wanted I promise not to fall in love with someone else on set pinkie promise. Oh this is going to be so fun. Are you- oh of course you aren't happy, ha, silly me."

Sighing Heather walked over and gave Jack a kiss on the cheek shutting him up. He looked up at her eyes wide and mouth still open. Ruffling his hair with a blank face, she walked off towards the front door. "I'm going to work I'll see you later." And then she was gone.

"Ye see you later." Jack grumbled. Sighing he stretched out for the

nth time that morning and got up to get his mobile phone out of his back pocket, he had to tell someone of his misfortune and Heather sure as hell didn't care. She only ever cared when it came to her or affected her.

He knew exactly who to call and set on finding the contact on his phone. Aster Bunnymund Aka Bunny. Finding him, he dialled the number and after a few ring Bunny answered the phone.

"'Ello."

"Hey guess what? I'm gonna star in a gay TV show."

* * *

><p>Oh God what has he gotten himself into! Follow review and Fav to find out what happens next, oh God I'm excited myself I have no idea what Naomi is gonna write I know the general plot but she's gonna add a few things to beef it up. Ahhhh. Any way we have a schedule to update every Friday. Btw I'm always late like today but I'll try my best! Anyway the next one should be up on like I said Friday!

4. Chapter 4: God Help

****Changed Perspectives****

****okay chapter by naomi hope you enjoy it just to clear up any confusion Hiccups 23 and Jacks 24. ****

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><p>Chapter 4: God help

* * *

><p>"Astrid!"<p>

Astrid sighed as her name was called from the lungs of her best friend for the ninth time.

"Hiccup for fuck sake, shut up!" Hiccup laughed as Astrid's alter ego was coming out. Foul mouthed Astrid.

"Language, mind." Hiccup sighed and flopped down on to the purple beanbag in his room. Girls, he thought. He could give Astrid two days to get ready and she would still be late. Hiccup was going to meet the rest of the characters of 'My Gay Fantasy' and he was hopped up on coke cola. He was hyper to say the least.

Astrid was going crazy in her room. Her once sick and span living quarters had turned into a human pig sty. Clothes were splattered left and right but she had narrowed it down to four choices. She was a manager after all, she had to dress to impress. She couldn't decide whether to wear a casual blazer and heels or a sundress and sandals. There was also the choices of a hoodie and jeans and trainers or a tank top and a skirt. She gave a little grunt of frustration and by the time she had opened her eyes, Hiccup had swiped all the clothes off the smothered bed and had pulled out a red skater dress. Astrid

said a silent thank you that her best friend had such a great sense of style.

"Wear this and let's go, we're already 15 minutes late and I don't want to get there when I'm 100 years old." Hiccups dry humor seething through his words. He would've dragged her out in her underwear if he could but he worried about wrinkling his crisp navy Ralph Lauren shirt. He had spent 2 hours starching it yesterday night so it would look fresh and he was not about to go to his first acting job looking like a hobo.

"Are you sure? I mean I don't want to outshine anybody there, an-"

Before Astrid had the chance to complain any longer, Hiccup had already pulled her tank top over her head leaving her in her bra and pajama shorts. There was no awkwardness due to the fact that they had changed in the same room a number of times when they were younger and Hiccup was in no way interested in her so Astrid didn't mind him as much.

Hiccup started pulling the dress over her head but her plait was in the way. Hiccup grunted in frustration and yanked the dress, successfully getting the dress on her but giving Astrid a throbbing head in the process.

"Can't you be more gentle?"

Hiccup smirked at her remark. "Then take out the plait. You look so much better with your hair out. "

Astrid gave a sarcastic smile before placing her size four feet into her black jellies and grabbing her small black satchel. She placed all her necessary things inside and gave Hiccup a small thumbs up.

"Ready."

Hiccup gave a little squeak of glee and raced to the front door of the two bedroom apartment, dragging his house mate with him by the elbow.

"You've got the car keys right? Okay meet me downstairs slow poke!"

Hiccup raced down the stairs and almost tripped from the sheer speed he was going at. When he reached the silver Toyota, he looked up to see his best friend still fumbling with the house keys.

"Astrid! Hurry up!" Hiccup shouted at the top of his lungs and a few neighbours had poked their heads out to see the commotion. "Why do the Gods hate me?" He asked himself in a low mumble.

Astrid was startled by Hiccup's sudden outburst but not so much surprised. Hiccup was Hiccup after all. But in all this hustle and bustle, Astrid had dropped her keys causing Hiccup to start mumbling profanities under his breath.

* * *

><p>Aster was getting sick and tired of living in such a loud neighbourhood. He slammed out of apartment number 15 and was all set to march down there and give that idiot a stern talking to. He tripped over a set of keys and went tumbling down onto the concrete dragging someone on top of him.<p>

"Bloody hell!" Aster mumbled through a mouth full of strawberry blonde hair.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry, I wasn't looking." Astrid had gone a light shade of pink as she struggled to get off him. She blushed even harder as she drank in his handsome features. His blue-white hair accented his rough jawline and his spring green eyes stood out against his sun-kissed skin. In a word, perfect.

"Watch where you're going next time." To Astrid, even his condescending tone of voice made her knees weak.

"Sorry." She mumbled and stepped aside as he stomped back into his apartment. He stopped short and picked up her keys.

"Forgetting something?" Astrid took her keys from his soft tanned palm and blushed an embarrassing crimson when their skin touched.

"Thanks." Astrid walked off quickly, mouthing 'sorry' to her distressed client.

Hiccup was having a nervous breakdown. They were now thirty minutes late and Hiccup felt like shooting someone. He glared as Astrid ran to her car and fumbled with the keys. They eventually got inside the car and drove off to the set.

The drive was slow as slow can be and it seemed every traffic light they came to turned red just for them. It was like hell and it wasn't helping that hiccup was whining in his seat like a really annoying cat. It wasn't any better on Hiccups end. What if he got there too late and he was replaced with a hotter guy? Or better yet replaced by an ugly guy?!

Arriving Hiccup rushed inside to see people chatting and eating and gave a small sigh of relief as no one noticed his tardiness. Astrid rushed in after him, her face red with exhaustion. Hiccup gave her yet another dirty look and walked off to find Mr. Lee, the director.

"Ahh, Mr. Horrendous. We've been expecting you for..." he glanced at his wrist watch and raised a brow "The best part of an hour now."

Hiccup blushed and said nothing. How was he supposed to explain the shenanigans of this morning? Better to just say he slept in like he used to say when he was late for school. Maybe even the cat ate my homework could be used. Mr. Lee gave a hearty chuckle and slapped Hiccup on the back.

"Never mind that boy, our other lead is also running late."

Hiccup nodded and continued walking with Mr. Lee. His heart fluttered at the thought of kissing another boy, even if it was just for show.

He hadn't kissed anyone since Jack as he was too afraid of getting hurt so badly. The text he got later announcing the name of the TV show had been quite frank after all it was now named 'My Gay Fantasy'.

"Mr. Horrendous?! Mr. Horrendous?! Hiccup!" Mr. Lee tried to catch Hiccups attention and after that didn't work he waved a hand in front of his face snapping Hiccup out of his little mind rant.

"Oh sorry, Mr. Lee what were you saying?"

"I was just saying that I think Mr. Overland has arrived. Let's go say hi to your co-worker now shall we?"

Hiccup nodded idly as the cogs started turning in his head. Overland? That name sent a shiver down his spine and his palms started to get sweaty, it couldn't be that Overland right? Is that such a common surname? Jack was a footballer right? Not an aspiring actor. Hiccup hadn't necessarily been keeping tabs on him but he did hear something about him venturing into acting. Hiccup he ruthlessly shattered his heart. It took endless time about him on TV.

Hiccup never truly got over Jack no matter what he might say but his heart had healed after millions of ice cream tubs, chocolate and a dozen bottles of coke and not forgetting the warm comforting hugs from Astrid but he got over partly it nonetheless. Some part of him still still loved the white haired boy, now aged 24 but the other half of him still hated his guts.

The director stopped walking and looked at the white haired, nicely built young adult. Hiccup followed Mr. Lee's gaze to see his past lover. His hair was dewy, his thin tie loosened and if he wasn't mistaken he swore he could see lipstick on Jack's pale lips.

The apology flowing out of Jack's mouth were blurred to Hiccup's ears. He did however, catch the last of his words. Those words wrapped around Hiccup's heart and squeezed so hard, totally destroying him in the process.

"I'm so sorry my fiancée held me up." He said proudly winking at his soon to be co-workers, who laughed and some even whistled.

Jack swiveled his eyes around the room. They locked on the familiar pair of emerald green eyes and he instantly recognised those eyes as Hiccups and his widening eyes stared deeper into a pair of already wide eyes.

God help.

* * *

><p>God Jack you naughty boy! Well there you have it they finally see each other if only for a second there is gonna be some drama in the next chapter by Starisha23 but I won't give too much away so follow, fav and don't forget to drop a review to see what happens next. Also sorry this chapter was short but I promise Starisha23 will make the next one long I'll force her!

** Bye! :***

5. Chapter 5: Strictly Professional

****Changed Perspectives****

****Well f***k this is kinda (Reallyâ€¦) late and I apologise but every time I say to myself I'm gonna write it my mum always comes in the next day saying were going out and I'm like well fuck my life! So I finally got it done after Naomi called me a bum. She's so mean! It's kinda my fault though. ~I (-.-) I~ Oh well. ****

****Anyway enjoy!****

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: Strictly professional.

* * *

><p>Ha, this was all a bad dream and soon he was going to wake up and everything was going to be fine, Right?<p>

Wrong.

Jack was there in all his glory a now horrified look on his face and Hiccup didn't need to think twice on why it was. He guessed he had the exact same expression plastered on his own.

People were starting to look at the white haired man strangely trying to see what had made him so uneasy. He couldn't take it anymore Jack's stare burning him completely. It was too soon he needed more time to heal and he had no idea how long that was. _Oh Odin pinch me now_. He thought to himself.

Without even thinking Hiccups legs started to move on their own accord. Not exactly in the direction he wanted them to go â€" being the front door- but anywhere would be better than where he stood.

Running, running. That's all that he was thinking about not Jack, he could think about him and that mountain later. Right now he just needed to run. Far, far away. As far as the structure would allow him, that being quite far as he had got quite lost on his way to the main office.

Seemingly he ended up exactly where he was thinking; the main office. Where the director and manager were now chatting as they allowed their actors to bond and get to know each other better.

Bursting through the door, catching the attention off the two nearly bold men. Both jumped up scared for their life panting nearly as hard as Hiccup after the initial shock.

"Um, what can we help you with?" The bolder of the two men asked straightening himself out and tugging his tie slightly. The men took a look at Hiccup's anger filled eyes and took a step back

"I'm want to quit!" He demanded. He promptly covered his mouth with both hands after the outburst. Clearing his throat he tried to approach the two men in a slightly different way. "Um excuse me but I

would like to um- quit?"

"Why?" Mr. Lee asked cautiously scared to anger the young man even further.

"I don't want to work with Jackson Overland Frost!" Once again he was shocked by his own tone and sudden outburst. What was going on with him? He brought out both of his hands out from where they lay against his sides and looked at them, as they shook like they had just seen a ghost, and they might as well have. When had he started shaking and how hadn't he noticed.

Just seeing jack did this to him how was he gonna work with him for the duration of this program. He just didn't think he was strong enough, no defiantly not, he was just the runt or the litter.

"I'm afraid we can't let you do that, there are no replacements." What? No this is what he was dreading the most, there must be some other way out of this shit hole. Come on! He couldn't even will himself to stand in front of jack for more than 2 seconds he was just too weak. Damn him.

"What do you mean no bloody replacement? You're a director it's you job to have these thing prepared and shit!" Another outburst. His body was racked by shivers and it was becoming hard to stand up straight.

"I'm sorry but there is nothing we can do."

"No, no, no, no. This is not good" He said under his breath with that Hiccup stepped out of the room shakily to make a well needed phone call. After dropping Hiccup of Astrid had made her way home claiming she had a lot of work to do back in their flat.

The phone rang thrice before she answered. "_Hello?_"

"Hi Astrid, you know the acting job?" Hiccup asked a bit timidly but you could defiantly tell his voice was a bit rough, from all the outburst's he had just had with the directors

"_Uh ye the one I just dropped you off at?_"

"Yeah, well, I wanna quite." He clenched his eye's ready for the blow to his ear that would deafen him permanently.

"_Seriously, after all the work you put into getting the part?_" Huh? Well he defiantly was not expecting that. Opening his eyes again and took a deep breath but once again he found himself shaking and adrenalin pumping though him

Hiccup rolled his eyes "No. You've been pranked! Give the girl a lollipop!" Hiccup exclaimed sarcastically in a dry undertone that sent a shudder up Astrid's spinal cord. Hiccup sighed, "Sorry that was uncalled for. I'm just on the edge of my seat right now. I just don't think I'm up for it anymore."

"_What happened?_" She asked pointedly putting on the voice she used when she had to get something out of him which was more often than you think

"Nothing." He tried his best to keep his voice from trembling by clenching his fists tightly nail's digging into his flesh.

"_Don't you dare lie to me Haddock_"

"Nothing! I'm serious!"

"_So help me ifâ€¦_"

"Fine." He huffed then sighed looking to the floor. "Jack's here." He said quietly. He heard a gasp through the speaker of his phone.

Then a moment of silence and hiccup could tell that she was thinking as he could hear her pacing around. Finally she decided to dignify him with her answer.

"_This is great_"

"What!" Hiccup couldn't believe what she had just said. This was not great this was terribly terrible he had to pretend to be in love with the bloody man.

"_Now you can finally get over him_" She reasoned and on the other side of the phone she was pacing her room a grin on her face.

"Uh I don't think so. I forgot to mention we're love interests!"

"_Oh, well even better_" She exclaimed. "_Now go back and get to know every one_" then there was a beep.

"NO! Wait Astrid! Hello? Astrid?! Astrid!" Hiccup sank against the wall he was leaning on put his head in between his knees. He was so dead now he had to go apologise to the two men and work with Jack. Why was his life always so difficult? He really hated feeling sorry for himself and he hated it more when he cried, but despite himself he felt tear's run down his face.

Maybe he had never gotten of Jack at all. Maybe his heart was still shattered, and even so jack had moved on maybe what he had said all those years ago had been true maybe it was all out of pity. Jack had already moved on so maybe it was time for hiccup to also let go of the past and move on.

Hiccup stood up and wiped his eyes. Now he had to apologise the way he had acted and his outrages outbursts were rude and very disrespectful. He was better than this. As soon as he walked in and the door closed behind him the door re-opened. Turning around Hiccup saw white and then something grabbed onto his wrist.

"Sorry I'll return him in a sec." A smooth voice apologised to the flabbergasted men. Wait a minute he knew that voiceâ€¦

Suddenly the tight grip had left and he looked up to see who had rudely pulled him out of the room when he was about to apologise. Once again he was taken back as he came face to face with Jack. Stay strong Hiccup act like you're not bothered be cool and cold towards him.

"What do you want?" Hiccup nearly spat before he remembered he had to

be cool and not too rude but just rude enough. "Can I help you?" He asked crossing his arms over his chest.

Jack rolled his eyes but his heart still jerked at how cold the man in front of him was. "Ok, listen I just came here to tell you something."

Hiccup looked up from the floor that he had been glaring at and looked Jack in the eye. "Soâ€|"

"Let's keep this strictly professional."

"Fine by me"

"Shake on it." Jack stuck out his hand to Hiccup hoping the boy would accept this peace offering. Hiccup looked at the hand glaring at the pale flesh, rolling his eyes.

"No thank you." And with that he walked back into the office to once again apologise.

"Whatever."

* * *

><p>Done we'll be adding some more characters and no more oc even though there's only like two Mr. Lee and baldy who doesn't have a name :. Any way follow next chapter will defo be up on Friday coz Naomi is a schedule freak! :P**

6. Chapter 6: Rambling hurts

Changed Perspectives

Not much to say except enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: Rambling hurts

* * *

><p>Jack and Heather were getting ready to go on one of their weekly dates, both changed in separate room's for no apparent reason just that is was more comfortable that way. really living with Heather was like living with a really bossy room mate that never shut up and always told you to clean up your shit.<p>

Just before they were about to leave Jack remembered- more like forgot- something"Heather, I'll meet you by the car because I forgot something." Heather sighed inwardly as she strutted down the pathway of their three storey cottage in her red Louboutin's.

Meanwhile, Jack was searching all over the house for his wallet. He had sworn that he left it in the bathroom but it wasn't there. Clothes flew left and right as Jack continued his search in the bottom of his closet. As if some magical force, larger than life was watching over him, a picture fluttered past him and was blown in the air. Jack's eyes followed it as it landed on his wallet. Jack gave a

grunt of relief and confusion as he crawled over to the wallet and stared at the picture. A million and one feelings ran through him as the familiar emerald green eyes bore through him. Jack's eyes darkened from its usual sky resemblance to the disturbed serenity of an angered ocean as he remembered the conversation that had gone on a couple of days ago. The white rage overtook Jack's body momentarily and the old browning memory of what could have been turned slowly to a crumpled ball of hurt. Jack tossed the destroyed photo aside, grabbed his wallet and left for his weekly date night with his fiancée.

Heather leant against the deep, navy blue Mercedes and sighed deeply. She thought about how Jack and herself had been growing more and more apart within every passing second. That raging fire they shared between them since school days had dwindled to a barely warm flame. Yet for some reason, neither one of them wanted to address it.

"Why the long face, beautiful?"

Heather raised her red RayBans sunglasses to see a handsome man grinning at her.

"What's it to you?" Heather replied coyly. All thoughts of Jack had flown out of her head as she took in the chiseled jawline of Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome.

"Oh, just the usual, helping out damsels in distress."

Heather raised her eyebrows as the cute stranger lent against the car, hazel eyes boring into hers. He grinned and she smiled back, momentarily lost in each other.

"You're really pretty, you know?"

Heather's cheek tinged a slight pink as her sunglasses fell back into place and she looked away.

"I tell you what, here's my business card. Call me when your free." the stranger placed his business card in her hand and closed it. He kissed her soft fingers and strolled off with that cheeky grin still plastered on his face.

Heather looked at the business card and a warm feeling spread within her. She put it in her small Versace purse and smiled. Her train of thought wandered but was abruptly interrupted by the lights of the Mercedes flashing on. She turned around to find her fiancé walking to her.

"Sorry for the wait." Jack said awkwardly and got in the driver side and started up the engine. Heather sat in the car and the two were silent for the whole ride.

* * *

><p>"Well, we're here." Jack attempted a smile but Heather did not notice as she had already begun to exit the vehicle. Jack got out of the car and followed Heather into the restaurant.<p>

"Table for two? Frost." The receptionist checked her clipboard and showed them to their table.

"Frost? Really?" Heather said monotonously.

"It's my last name. What's the problem?"

Heather rolled her eyes and sighed. "It sounds like something you made up as a kid. Why don't you just use Overland? It's one of your last names too."

"Because I don't want to Heather. Do we really have to do this now? Can't we just have a normal conversation without us having a big fight?" Jack was growing weary of Heather and her seemingly never ending PMS-ing. She rolled her eyes again and sighed.

"Are you ready to order your starter?"

Heather's eyes swiveled up to see the waiter but not before lingering on the defined muscles on his torso. Jack saw the way her eyes lit up and her entire manner shifted and the anger boiled inside him.

"Um, what would you recommend?" Even the tone of her voice had shifted from an angry pre-menstrual woman to the soft, sexy undertone of a fox on the prowl.

"Well, I would recommend the tomato soup, it's sweet, just like you." The bartender winked at Heather and she giggled just like a little school girl. The waiter turned to Jack and was slightly taken aback by the scowl worn on Jack's face.

"And for the ... gentlemen?"

"Shrimp cocktail. Thanks." Jack replied dryly. Heather thanked the waiter and handed him her starter menu.

"Sir, your menu?" Jack reluctantly handed him the menu, but not before playing a five second game of Tug-o-War. The waiter snatched the menu and proceeded to leave after flashing a winning smile at Heather.

"What. The. Fuck. Was. That?" Jack had gone red in trying to suppress the scorching anger. Heather looked at Jack and sighed again.

"Jack can you bloody calm down?! People are watching!" Heather herself had gone pink in lieu of the growing attention Jack and his profanity had caused.

"We are supposed to be getting married Heather! What the hell was that all about?"

"Oh please, it was just a bit of harmless flirting. And don't you DARE talk to me about our marriage Jackson. I have tried to talk to you all week about setting a date but you've been too caught up in your stupid TV show."

"Harmless flirting? Harmless flirting?! Heather is this how you behave when I'm not there? You're not even wearing your engagement ring? Do you even still love me?"

"Jackson Overland Frost. How dare you?! What nerve have you got to decide when I wear my engagement ring? I took mine off in the shower

and I forgot. But while were on the topic, where the fuck is your bloody engagement ring?"

Jack held his head in his hands and sighed deeply. "We can talk about that later, the foods here." Heather scoffed and rolled her eyes at him once again.

"And calm down with the eye rolling, they'll get stuck." Heather ignored Jack completely and tried to accept her tomato soup as gracefully as she could from the hot waiter that had been standing there, umpiring their argument for about two minutes. He awkwardly placed the starters down and left.

The minutes crawled past as they both sat in silence, slurping their food. They had already ordered their main course but the tension hung around the air, growing thicker and thicker still.

"So... how is work going?" Heather love Jack. Or at least cared for quite deeply. She hated fighting with anyone, let alone Jack, but these days that's all they seemed to be doing. Or making snide comments about one another.

Jack looked into Heather's lime eyes and felt a stab of hurt in his eyes. He wanted to apologize but his pride wouldn't let him. Not for now anyway. "It's been cool. You'll never guess who is the other main lead." Heather felt a twang of jealousy as Jack's mood switched, but she hid it behind a false smile that Jack missed.

"Oh really? Who is the other lead?"

"Hiccup. Hiccup Horrendous. From high school remember?" Heather dropped her forkful of lamb and stared at Jack in disbelief.

"Hiccup? As in your ex-boyfriend Hiccup? And you didn't think this was worth mentioning?" the anger in Heather's voice was clear and it was Jack this time noticing the attention from the rest of the restaurant.

"What is there to be angry about? Why do have to make a scene about everything? Is it really so hard to be happy for your soon to be husband?" Heather was rendered speechless and lowered her head to shield the lone tear cascading down her pale skin. Jack was so thoughtless at times. He had not even noticed his silently crying fiancée because he had launched into a speech, solely about Hiccup.

"That first day actually really hurt because he refused to shake my hand. I told him, that we should behave like professionals and he stalked off like a little six year old. I mean it was kinda cute but how can he be so ignorant? It's not like I purposely hurt him that time and I was only trying to make this experience comfortable for both of us..."

Heather zoned out whilst she wiped the tears off her face and looked at the man she was supposed to be marrying. "Shut up Jack."

"...I don't think someone so immature should be acting a lead role in a TV show, I mean he is a really good actor and I mean REALLY good but there is always room for improvement and he should start by

letting bygones be bygones..." Suddenly, Heather's fury burst out of her in a high pitched scream that lasted for about ten seconds but caught the undivided attention of the entire restaurant.

"Jackson Overland Frost, for the love of Christ shut the fuck up! As your fiancée shouldn't you have the decency to listen to me? This whole day has been ruined on account of you and your selfishness. What makes you think I give a flying fuck about Hiccup? Frankly I wouldn't give a shit if that boy grew wings and flew here. God sake Jack, what's happened? why haven't we had sex in 4 months? What have I did I do that was so bad? You know what? Don't even bother coming back tonight. You can go sleep in a ditch for all I care!" Heather had a steady flow of tears streaming down her now bloated red face. She wiped some of the ruined makeup off and ran out of the restaurant.

Jack looked around. Heather had left him a thousand disapproving looks from women all over the restaurant. Most of the guys had gone back to eating but the girls all had their eyes boring a hole in his head. Jack put some money on the table and left, tail between his legs. He got out just in time to see Heather get into a taxi and drive off. Jack knelt on the hard concrete floor and screamed in frustration. At that exact moment, the heavens replied with a heavy rain that had Jack soaked in mere seconds. He laughed at his cruel fate like a madman.

Jack looked up and saw a vague neon sign for a twenty four hour bar and trudged along.

* * *

><p>Jack didn't realize but he had been drinking vodka straight for four hours and was now even more depressed in his drunken stupor. He tried to open his car but forgot where the keys were so started his journey to walk to wherever. Jack walked for awhile until he got to a place that he vaguely recognized because his mind was drowning in an unfortunate sea of alcohol that would only bring him the king of hangovers. He climbed stairs until he felt he should stop and flopped down in front of a strangers house, too lazy to knock the door.<p>

Meanwhile, Aster was coming home from work late due to some test papers he had to mark and he saw his drunken best friend splayed out in front of his neighbor's door and cracked up laughing. He pulled out his smart phone to snap some pictures before carefully stepping over Jack and entering his house, whistling a jaunty tune as if he hadn't a care in the world.

* * *

><p>Don't forget to review and follow! :D

7. Chapter 7: Breakfast

****Changed Perspectives****

****As you already know I'm lazy that's why I'm stuck writing this chapter late. Again. Stupid me. And Nomi kept nagging me about this, nut I'm blaming all of you for being such good writers I can't seem**

to stop reading and I've formed an addiction to Eren x Levi from attack on titan you should totally watch it and SHIP IT!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 7: Breakfast

* * *

><p>"Hiccup get you're your lazy ass up now!" Astrid came busting into Hiccups room at top speed. She striped his of his duvet making him shiver and moan.<p>

"For what it's a Saturday morning." He groaned burring his face into his pillow his conciseness willingly trying to seep back into a deep sleep. "And I wanna sleep!"

"Well you can't now get up or I swear to Odin I will drag you out." She threatened, she heard him growl and mumble something that sounded like 'Just try it.'

In one swift movement she grabbed his bare foot and started to pull and as if it was an instinct Hiccups arm's shot up to grab the head board of his bed. Hiccup held on for his life as Astrid tugged with all her strength.

"Ok fine!" Finally Hiccup gave in and let go, as soon as Astrid saw this she stopped her assault

"Ha I win now get up before I try again." Astrid left the room without another word and hiccup could tell that her face held a smug grin. Hiccup groaned as he lifted himself out of his bed. Another boring Saturday morning for him to mope around in.

Walking out of the room he saw Astrid frying up some stuff. "Hmmm I'm starving." He whent to grab a pancake form the plate when Astrid slapped his hand away.

"First take the rubbish out then you can eat."

"What it's your turn!" Hiccup crossed his arms over his chest and pouted.

"Not anymore."

"I'm not doing it."

"Do you wanna eat?"

Hiccup glanced at the yummy plate filled with tasty pancakes. "Yes," he grumbled reluctantly. As he turned round he heard Astrid muffle her laugh behind her hand like she thought he couldn't hear. He picked up the black rubbish bag and made his way to the door.

Hiccup slipped on his shoes and slid his jacket over his shoulders. As he opened the door something big and white came tumbling in.

"What the-" Hiccup said looking down at the object that had nearly made him fall on his butt. Noticing who it was Hiccup covered his

face with his hand and muttered into his palm "Oh Odin why me."

"Hey Get up." Hiccup nudged the passed out person with his foot in hope to wake him up.

"5 more minutes mum." Came Jack's whiney voice.

Sighing in distress the lump in front of his feet began to move around on the hard concrete. Having had enough of watching he got to his knees so his lips were hovering over Jack's ear as if he were about to whisper something.

"HEY!" Jack jumped up as if he were just thrown into a freezing cold pool of water.

"The fuck!" Jack looked up at the offending noise. Hiccup noted that his hair was scruffy and his eyes were blood shot_. Damn I have to take this lost puppy home._ "Huh, what are you doing here?" Jack asked looking shocked to see Hiccup hovering above him.

Hiccup's eye twitched in irritation as he raised a brow "Uh, I live here."

Jack looked around. Wasn't this were bunny lives'? Looking back to Hiccup he realised the man was standing in a doorway. "Oh, I see."

"Are you gonna get up any time soon?"

"Hmm? Oh yea." Jack jumped up and tried to fix himself up which ended up being in vain. The smell of freshly made pancakes reached Jack's nose and almost instantly his stomach started rumbling.

Hiccup kissed his teeth and went back into the house leaving a confused Jack behind him. Emerging back from the door Hiccup shouted into his flat. "Hey Astrid I'm going out."

Jack heard a voice on the other end "What about-" Hiccup slammed the door before Astrid could finish her sentence. Jack looked at Hiccup with a smirk on his lips.

"Was that your girlfriend?" Jack teased putting two fingers together simulating two people kissing. Hiccup rolled his eyes did Jack already forget?

"No. Actually." Hiccup locked the door and started stalking off. "She's my roommate, manager, and best friend." Jack nodded and looked up at the clear sky as he stood there watching Hiccup walk off.

Turning around Hiccup looked at Jack like he was stupid. "Are you coming?" Jack caught off guard nodded and followed him like a lost puppy.

Jack wondered what was going on maybe he should just stop and try knocking on Astrid's door instead but if Jack's thoughts on where Hiccup was taking him, then he was going to fill up his belly. His belly rumbled again and he groaned. Please let Hiccup be taking him to a place to eat.

Hiccup couldn't take the car because of the lack of a driving licence so they ended up taking a 10 minute walk to Gobber's. Walking into the homely café Gobber greeted Gobber with a big hug and a pat on the back, they ordered their food and Hiccup made Jack pay for his own.

After finishing all their food up in silence Hiccup left a small tip and they made their way out.

"Do you know how to get home?" Hiccup asked staring straight forward at the busy street. Jack scanned his surroundings and nodded his head remembering the area they were in.

"Yea."

"Good." With that Hiccup started walking in the direction that they had come in. Jack started after him. Maybe now was the time.

"Hey wait up!" Jack shouted after the built man. Hiccup turned round with a passive face. "I'm sorry."

Hiccup's eyes widened slightly and his lips etched into a flat smile. He lifted his hand up and then continued on his way.

Maybe he was finally forgiven.

* * *

><p>Sorry for the shortness *Cringe* Sorry its kinda Levi short (its fun sized!) any way ye its short didn't have much time and it's kinda rushed at the end coz Naomi rushed me. Don't forget to follow and review also check out my other story Luck All Around. :>)*

Also Naomi, please your my co-writer :P

8. Chapter 8: Hospitals Can Be Fun

Changed Perspectives

Next chapter for you all by Naomi!

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: Hospitals Can Be Fun

* * *

><p>The duties of being manager to a diva like Hiccup did takes its toll. Astrid had decided to take a break from him and treat herself to a nice day out.<p>

"Okay bye now!"

Astrid shouted to Hiccup unusually happy. Even the grunt of a reply that Hiccup gave couldn't even bring her mood down.

"Whatever..."

Astrid mumbled and skipped out of the house. As she turned the keys in the lock, she didn't miss the burst of bluish white hair turn the corner. Her hands went clammy and her heart started beating. Her subconscious was screaming at her mind, trying to remember where she had encountered this gent.

She brushed the nagging feeling from her mind and continued walking on her way.

Meanwhile, Hiccup had already turned the storing cupboard into his own personal mess house. Various Scrabble letter's were scattered over the boiler. These were joined by green and red Monopoly houses and hotels that had been meshed into the blow up beanbag. A Mrs. Peacock cluedo card lay discarded under some cardboard boxes as Hiccup scurried about through the flat, the boredom present on his face.

Hiccup finally came up with the genius idea of filling himself up - with food. He scoured through the kitchen, looking for any type of fast food. Unfortunately for him, Astrid being the only motherly figure in Hiccup's life after his mother ran out on him and his dad, she had frozen all the food. All that was left in the fridge was some bread and a raw lamb chop.

Half an hour had gone and Hiccup was ready to fry his meat. He placed the pan on the hob and turned it on. He looked back from the lamb chop to the oil and scored a blank as to which goes first. He shrugged absentmindedly and put the lamb chop in first. As he attempted to gently sift in the oil, a sudden clank was heard from a stray fork and before he knew it, Hiccup's lamb chop was swimming in oil.

"Oh... Shit."

Hiccup didn't know how to react as he had scarce picked up a spatula and settled on a simple minded shrug and an increase in the fire power.

"Maybe it will cook faster..." Hiccup mumbled to himself as he exited the kitchen and flopped down on the recliner.

The angry chants of Jeremy Kyle blared out from the television as a sleeping Hiccup was oblivious to the catastrophe about to happen.

The air lay thickly saturated with smoke as Hiccup found himself suffocating in the musky air. He started trying to crawl out but the stinging in his eyes threw him way off balance.

Suddenly, out of nowhere the kitchen door collapsed in a fiery rage onto Hiccup's left leg.

The shock from the pain was so great, Hiccup passed out. Not before a scream of agony was cried out.

At number 15 Cherry Drive, Dagur was idly watching the TV waiting for his roommate, Aster, to come home. The two had totally different personalities and it would've have almost been weird for them to be friends. They just seemed to click.

The piercing, masculine scream took Dagur by surprise and he ventured out to see what what was going on. Aster had warned him about the noisy neighbors but he had never encountered them until now. Upon exiting his house, he choked on the ever present gray smoke and fell back, hand on heart.

He pulled out his silver smartphone and dialed those three important numbers that had saved people countless times.

"Hello? Fire brigade please! 16 Cherry Drive Longwood road, Help!"

Dagur garbled the words as fast as he could without being incomprehensible before succumbing to the hearty smoke that attacked his lungs ferociously.

"16 Cherry Drive, we have an emergency!"

When Stoick heard that address his heart started trying to thump its way out of his chest. Surely Hiccup lived at number 17. Or was it number 6?

"Team, let's go now!" Stoick and the other members of his team rushed out to his truck and were on their way.

* * *

><p>Hiccup awoke to find himself in a plain white room, his brain throbbing as the memories came flooding back. At first it was silent but then the angry shouts of a heavy Scottish accent filled his ears.<p>

"You stupid, stupid boy! What the hell do you think you were doing? You may as well have just ruined your career! I've never seen an actor in a successful movie with only one fucking leg!"

The fact that Hiccup could no longer feel his left leg was painfully present in the room. He removed his bed covers and was aghast with horror as he realised the truth of Stoick's words. Hiccup ran his eyes along the blood soaked cast at the end of his thigh. Where his knee should have been, there was a protruding metal prosthetic. It would serve as a horrible reminder of his carelessness.

A lone tear slid down Stoick's face as he saw his son for what he truly was. Not a disobedient, wayward rascal, but a lonely young man in desperate need of a loving father.

"I'm sorry son. This happened because of me."

"No dad, it's happened because I'm such a bad listener."

"Well son, being a Horrendous one, it's an occupational hazard."

For a split second, all was silent before father and son erupted into fits and bursts of laughter. The two continued laughing heartily but were interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Um hi." Dagur gave an awkward smile, weary of Hiccup's big bulk of a dad.

"So, is this the boyfriend that you're so madly in love with?" Stoick gave a hearty chuckle and left the room abruptly.

"Um, he was kidding, I don't have a boyfriend." The blush on Hiccup's face was almost comical.

"Oh, that's good. That you're alive and well, not that you don't have a boyfriend but that's good too oh I don't mean-"

"Thanks." Hiccup was becoming more and more comfortable with this guy. They both shared a mutual smile.

"So who are you then?"

Dagur took a dramatic bow as he introduced himself.

"Dagur the deranged, your knight in shining armor. Deranged because when I've had a few, I'm a bit crazy"

Hiccup smirked at Dagur's statement.

"My knight in shining armor?"

"You don't think a think dragon came and pulled you out of that hell house?"

It was only then Hiccup noticed the faint scar on Dagur's eye. Shit.

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry, are you okay?"

"Eh don't worry, I'll just be fine with a buddy to walk home with. So get better okay?"

With that, Dagur left the room and went back to his own bed to get some sleep.

Hiccup went to sleep that night, with nightmares of fires and evil monsters with metal legs, but he had a saviour in each horrid dream and each time it was him. Dagur the deranged. Just what would become of the two?

* * *

><p>Naomi: Soooo sorry for the wait, its my first time being late, LOL rhyme but yeah hope you enjoy

Samantha: You weren't that late. *eye roll*

Naomi: Yh To you because a small wait for you is a whole week!

Samantha: But head *Pout*

**Naomi: Your face is a but head. **

Samantha ***Straight face***** Well at least I've got a cookie**

****Naomi: *Knocks cookie out of hand*****

****Samantha: Oh oh Levi's gonna kill you :P****

~ Two seconds later ~

****Levi: Both of you shut up and clean that shit up!****

****Both: YES, SIR! *Salute* ****

9. Chapter 9: Misunderstanding

****Changed perspectives****

****Look who updated! Samantha DID! XD So enjoy!****

* * *

><p>Chapter 9: Misunderstanding.

* * *

><p>"Break time!" A loud voice barks.<p>

Hiccup sighed and sat down on the nearest chair. Covering his face with his hands he groaned and deflated sinking into the seat. This was so embarrassing and humiliating, having to act like a bumbling fool in front of Jack. He couldn't take much more of this.

He was getting used to his prosthetic day by day and was almost able to walk on it only limping slightly if he stepped wrong or did something wrong. He had to wear long trousers and his leg hadn't really done anything bad to his career if anything he had got more modelling offers to show people that not even the most handsome of model's were perfect.

Hiccup's character was 'Hiccup' and Jack's character was 'Jack'. How original. It was like re-living high school. As both of them were still quite young, they were able to pull off the 16 year olds they were meant to be. The worst thing was that this TV show was, almost exactly how it was back in the day.

And to tell the truth it wasn't helping Hiccup's case of a broken heart it was almost just as painful as the real thing.

"Hey Hiccup wanna grab a coffee and go over some lines?" Hiccup looked up to see none other than Jack.

"Huh?" Hiccup said almost confused by what he was just asked.

"I said-"

"I know what you said." Hiccup sighed standing up, he brushed himself off "Ok let's go." Jack stood there a bit shocked but followed him anyway. They went to the little coffee stand in the corner of the room.

Hiccup sat down on one of the high chairs while Jack took a seat next to him. Pulling out his script Hiccup tapped the small bell to call

over the barrister. Jack also pulled out his and filliped to the scene they were going to act out next.

"Hey what can I get you guy's" Looking up Jack caught sight of a well-built man.

"Flynn!" Jack leaped out of his seat surprised to see one of his old jock friend's. Flynn's girlfriend Rapunzel had actually been the one to introduced Hiccup to Him.

Flynn and Hiccup both looked surprised at Jack's sudden outburst and gave him questioning looks. Flynn noticing Jack and remembering the man's cold hair, grinned widely.

"Jack my man how's it been. Haven't seen you in what, 4 years?"

"5." Jack corrected, it was great to see such a good guy again they used to be the best of mate's back in high school, always getting into trouble and playing football. "How's you and the misses?"

"Wow, it's been so long." Flynn laughed rubbing the back of his neck. "Ye me and Rapunzel are still going on I actually proposed to her a month ago.

"That's good." They fell into a comfortable silence until Hiccup cleared his throat gaining him both Jack's and Flynn's attention.

"Oh Hiccup didn't recognize you, Looking good as always." Flynn said nudging Jack for a reason unknown by Hiccup. Hiccup thanked him for the complement anyway and shrugged it off. Whatever Flynn had meant was defiantly making Jack blush bright.

"Any way what can I get you?" He asked.

"Uh, I'll just have a black coffee." Hiccup requested tapping his chin still surveying the menu and prices. Coffee these days were so expensive.

"And you?"

"The same." Jack said politely blush having died down. They went over the script as they waited for their coffee to come so they could warm their cold bellies up.

"__Jack~ I have something to tell you. And I just can't hold it any longer!" _quivered Hiccups voice as he made his face turn bright red._

"__I have something to tell you too." _ Jack made his word's sound as nervous as possible as he fiddled with his fingers

"__Oh-Oh ok go ahead!" Hiccup looks down to his lap_

"__No it's fine you go on." Jack insisted edging Hiccup to say what was on his mind_

"__No I insist."_

"__Ok let's say it at the same time then." Jack suggested and Hiccup

looked up at the dazzling boy in front of him smiling a beautiful smile._

_"__Ok!" Nodding his head Hiccup took in a deep breath to prepare himself. This was taking all of his confidence._

_"__I LIKE YOU!" The both shouted obvious to all the cast members watching their mini performance._

_"__R-really?" Hiccup asked unsure of himself maybe it was just his mind playing with him. This had better not be a joke._

_"__Um, I could ask you the same thing."_

_"__Well I wouldn't say something I didn't mean."_

_"__Ha ye me too."_

_"__Really I can name many a time's." Hiccup said sarcastically face still flushed red from his previous embarrassment. _

Jack looked over Hiccup's flushed face and smiled at how cute the boy was. "Can I kiss you?" He blurted out but decided to play it cool for his own sake.

"No." and just like that the mood was broken into tiny sad pieces

"Hey that's not on the script. Your meant to say _'Oh Jack you don't even have to ask~'_" Jack whined upset the Hiccup had just broken such an amazing scene. He was so on a role and this stubborn person had to go ruin it, he couldn't say he wasn't amused however.

"But I don't want to kiss you." Hiccup stated a matter of fact, crossing his arms over his chest. He took a sip of his coffee that Flynn had placed there in the middle of their act. It slipped down his throat thickly like his own poison, the slight burn in his stomach making the burning sensation in his throat worth it.

"Hiccup I'm actually hurt by that!" Jack exclaimed placing a shaken hand over his chest frowning, almost mocking him.

"Do I look like I care?" Jack pouted at Hiccup's cold words and turned to his coffee so he could warm himself back up.

"You guys are such a cute couple." Flynn commented after they had finished their small banter up. Hiccup blushed bright red and Jack looked absolutely confused. Just as they were both about to answer Jack's phone began to ring obnoxiously loud.

"One sec." Jack said quietly before getting up and answering the call. "Oh, hi honey!"

Both Hiccup and Jack flinched slightly at Jacks 'so fake' tone. Flynn patted Hiccup back giving him an apologetic look.

"Sorry man, if I had known I wouldn't have said anything."

Hiccup slumped in his chair resting his face in his left hand facing the direction Jack was in. Now he was grumpy. He saw Jacks face shift

from confused to exasperate and finally an angry scowl. He watched Jack hang up the phone and stomp back over to.

"Girl problems?" Hiccup asked still slightly disheartened, but trying his best to lighten up the mood.

"Girl's ey annoying as shit." Jack laughed.

"Tell me about it." Hiccup sighed thinking about what a pain in the ass Astrid was sometimes.

"But I thought you were gay."

"Uh I still have friends that are girls' idiot." Hiccup scoffed smiling slightly at Jack's antics. "By the way I heard it was your birthday soon you doing anything to celebrate?"

"Oh, ye' I invited everyone on set to come drinking obviously I didn't ask the old people but hey!" Jack said lifting his hand's up in surrender.

"Oh ok seems like fun, I don't think I'll come though."

"Huh? Why not?" Jack exclaimed

"Don't know just don't like drinking I guess"

"Still the nerd from high school I see." Jack laughed teasing Hiccup.

"No I'm not!"

"Then come and prove your worth's."

"Fine I will!" Hiccup exclaimed stomping back onto stage.

_l point to me! _Jack thought to himself fist bumping the air. This was going to be amazing

"Break time's over!"

* * *

><p>Well here is you update guy's hope you enjoyed it and don't forget to follow and review! **J**

10. Chapter 10: Friend's Don't Kiss

**Changed Perspectives **

Here's the next chapter on time from me Naomi and not Samantha Because she sucks :P Did u notice theirs a man in her name? SaMANtha. btw that's because she is one shhhhh

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: Friends don't kiss

* * *

><p>"Cut! That's a wrap!"<p>

Hiccup tried to calm the crimson blush that was evidently burning on his face. Jack was also trying to keep himself in check. The scenes of 'My Gay Fantasy' were not for young children. Tooth ran to Jack with a cool bottle of water and a wet towel, gently wiping the sweat off of his forehead. Tooth then turned to see Hiccup, awkwardly standing trying to look at anywhere but the lone drop of sweat gliding down Jack's shapely nose. Right into his white tank top.

"So Hiccup, you coming to celebrate Jack's birthday with us?"

Jack nudged Tooth and gave her a warning look that she dismissed and continued chatting to Hiccup.

"He really wants you there. Just look at his face!"

The blush had manifested itself from Jack's forehead all the way down to his upper torso. He did want him there. As their eyes met the tension in the air grew less.

"Um, okay. Sure, I'll be there. Where exactly are we going?"

"The Ugly Duckling."

Jack's voice was a little bit hoarse from not talking but Hiccup was turned on nonetheless.

"Seven o'clock. See ya." Jack walked off, dragging Tooth with him. She gave Hiccup a little wave and Hiccup displayed that toothy grin.

The sudden contact on his left shoulder left him shuddering at the hands of Astrid.

"So lover-boy, what's happening at seven o'clock? And you better not say you're off to get drunk because I am not driving to the middle of nowhere at stupid o'clock just to drag your heavy body back home."

"Haha. That was one time Astrid. Let it go."

"I will do nothing of the sort until you promise me that you will still be in control of your senses at the end of the night. Promise?"

"Uh, fine."

Astrid let out a satisfactory sigh and walked off, one pink heeled foot in front of the other.

Clothes were strung left, right and center in the swirling abyss that had become Hiccup's room. He finally settled on a crimson-scarlet shirt. Crisp with starch. He donned a black tie with matching dress pants. Complete with black business shoes. Hiccup had really gone all in. Well, why shouldn't he? It was someone that he had loved. He grabbed his keys, wallet and his phone and started on his way down to the estate car park. The satisfying bleep as the black car came to attention. Hiccup got in and started driving to The Ugly Duckling. A

plethora of feelings racing across his mind. Love. Hurt. Anxiety. Anticipation. But most of all, the fear of the unknown.

It was seven thirty when Hiccup reached the club but it was already in full swing. Most of his colleagues were dancing in a circle, too happy to care. Others were downing the drinks, bottle by bottle, driving themselves deeper and deeper into a drunken stupor. Hiccup's eyes danced all over the club, spectating the gyrating bodies, looking that one special pair of electric blue eyes " then he found them. But it wasn't the cold firm eyes he grew to know and love. It was a pair of eyes, cold but sad.

Jack was on his fifth bottle of Jack Daniels and he hadn't a care in the world. The underlying unhappiness lay, like a needle in a haystack. Almost no one could recognize it. He looked up and saw Hiccup. His vision was distorted but he knew it was him.

"Hicccccccuuuuuuppppppppp. You're here! I knew you would come!"

The drunken Jack pounced on Hiccup in a bear hug and the two went crashing down to the floor " Hiccup, very sober and very aware of Jack's pale lips just centimeters away from his, fought the temptation and pushed Jack off him. Jack, who was very drunk and very horny, took this push as an act of hatred.

Then he burst into tears.

As Jack let out his long wail, the majority of the club turned to look at Hiccup who had now been made the bad guy. He looked at Jack and sighed deeply. This was going to be a long night.

Three hours had passed and the whole staff and cast of 'My Gay Fantasy' were crazy drunk. And more drinks were to come still as someone had suggested that they play seven minutes in heaven " and there was still a full bottle of Vodka beckoning to them.

Hiccup grabbed the bottle and sloppily topped up everybody's shot glass.

"DRINK!"

They drunk.

"Okaaaaaaaaaayyyy. Don't drink."

The still drank.

This makeshift drinking game went on for another twenty three minutes before Jack decided to take control.

"Nooo. This is, this is myyyyyyyyyyy part, partyyyyyyyyyy. Let's plaa, plaaayyy heaven!"

Jack's beer speech was understood as he started spinning the bottle.

"I'm firssssssssssssssssssT."

The bottle landed on Flynn but Jack dismissed it.

"Nope not you."

The second time around, the bottle landed on Mr. Lee.

"Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo. It's not youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu."

As they say, third times the charm. The bottle nearly finished at Hiccup but stopped at Angela, the make up artist. Jack threw a mini fit before adjusting the bottle so that it could face Hiccup properly.

Hiccup, being of Berkan descent, was a guy who could hold his drink. And when Jack moved the bottle to him, he sobered up.

"Um Jack? Buddy? Whatcha doing?"

Jack was already pulling Hiccup to the storage closet behind the bar. The barman had fallen asleep and any useful bodyguard had long gone because nobody stopped Jack from pushing Hiccup into the closet and slamming the door shut.

Minute number one:

"We have to kiss you know."

Jack's heart started trying to thump its way out his chest as he heard that word "kiss".

This storage closet behind the bar was far smaller than it looked. There was only enough space for the two of them to stand, chest to chest, nose to nose and that is exactly what they were doing.

Minute number two:

Hiccup could feel Jack's cool breath hitting his skin. The Vodka and Jack Daniels was a pungent aroma in the room but at least it helped cover the smell of the damp mop bucket that had squashed itself against Jack's leg.

"So are we gonna do this or just stand around looking pretty?" Jack blushed at Hiccup's sudden outburst of confidence. There were two sure fire thing in that room. One, the two beings in there were more than sexually attracted to each other. And two, their lips would meet in a matter of seconds.

Minute number three:

Hiccup couldn't stand the tension in the room and so he just went for it. His two hands found themselves on Jack's collar and Jack was caught by surprise as the shorter boy pulled him forward and finally connected their lips.

For the first few seconds, Jack's eyes remained open, as wide as tennis balls, but as the seconds flew by, his eyelids got closer and closer together and an 'innocent' game of seven minutes in heaven had been turned into a full blown passionate, lovers kiss.

Minute number four:

The feeling in Hiccup's heart was almost indescribable - almost though. The feeling of Hiccup's heart exploding was evident as a million things rushed into his mind and ran out with equal acceleration. There was only one that he could focus on though. It was wow.

Minute number five:

Jack's head was screaming at him, furious that he would cheat on his loving fiancée. The guilt drowned his head and he almost pushed Hiccup away. The only thing keeping him from storming home right now was the feeling of Hiccup's soft tongue, dancing and wrestling with his own. A miniature fight for dominance. Jack easily won and Hiccup succumbed nonetheless as he too enjoyed the feeling of Jack's tongue dominating his mouth. Exposing him to such treasure that only Jack could.

Minute number six:

Jack's hands were still at his sides even though Hiccup had roughly grabbed his face and was desperately trying to merge the two playful lips together.

Hiccup had realized Jack's hand had refused to embrace him and was instantly saddened. He tried to pull away but was brought back by the rough callused hands of Jack Frost. Jack ran his fingertips along the length of Hiccup's small back as Hiccup moved his hands towards the back of Jack's nape and the two pushed themselves together even further. Saliva well and truly mixed.

Minute number seven:

The two gasped and pulled away abruptly, their lungs ferociously inhaling the air. After they had calmed down, Hiccup looked up at Jack and Jack looked down at Hiccup. They were both aware of the thudding footsteps coming this way and a lone tear slid down Hiccup's face as he realized that this little moment of sin would have to last indefinitely. Jack was, for all intents and purposes, engaged.

A drunk Flynn tried to open the door but it jammed. That was a result of the hard slam that Jack had given it seven minutes ago. With these five seconds extra, Hiccup gave Jack a quick peck before running out of the cupboard and collapsing into a deep sleep. Jack didn't have time to exit the store cupboard and had also fallen into a deep sleep. Flynn passed out on top of him and the club was a chorus of snores. The alcohol had finally caught up with them.

* * *

><p>OMG GUYS I KNOW RIGHT IM SUCH A FANTASTIC WRITER, MUCH BETTER THAN SAMANTHA LOL. But on a better note€| Me and Sammie have had a long standing argument about the origin of Hiccup. Would you settle that for us? I say Scotland and she said somewhere stupid like Scandinavia or Finland or something else I cant remember. Yeaaaaahhhhhhhh so where do you guys think he's from?

11. Chapter 11: Burnt Out Candles

****Changed Perspectives****

****Sorry the bar bit isn't very realistic but I've never been to one and neither has Naomi because we are both 14 so ye. And just to clarify, I said Hiccup was from Norway so Naomi hush your face.****

* * *

><p>Chapter 11: Burnt out candles

* * *

><p>"Get up!" Where the faint shouts he heard "Hello, fucking drunks. Get up ya basted!" the cockney sounding bartender shouted above him.<p>

Jack groaned and rolled of the body underneath him named Flynn.

Blazing head ace. Bloody pain. Were the first things Jack thought of as he slowly started to regain consciousness. As blood shot eyes surveyed across the room they caught sight of many passed out people and notice missing people. Realising they must have been woken up and sent home. He started to rise up on his own two feet, knowing he had to get home too.

Stumbling past people and trying to avoid bumping into tables he found his way to the door. The fresh air burnt his eyes and the rain scratched at his face. He couldn't drive and he had no umbrella but he had to get home before 12 or else he was dead,

Drunk, sweaty and unbalanced Jack walked through the pattering rain not bothered by the cold because he was too concentrated on walking straight. He had no idea how long he had been walking for before he turned up on the front porch of his house.

Limping up to the door he searched his pockets for his keys, pulling them out of his pocket he promptly dropped them to the floor. After many futile tries at picking up his keys he was finally able to pick them up. Drunk and picking something up were not a good combination.

Sliding the key into the lock he slowly unlocked the door and pushed the door open with all of his might which wasn't the best idea in the world. Tumbling forward he landed on his ass creating a loud boom.

Suddenly the lights flickered on and Jack had to cover his eyes because of the brightness.

"The fuck?" He mumbled under his breath as his eyes slowly adjusted to the blinding light. Standing up and brushing himself of he came face to face with the one thing that terrified him the most.

Heather was sitting on the sofa mascara running down her face and hair in a big mess. In front of her sat a cake holding 25 burnt out candles wax dripping down the candles and onto the chocolate cake. Oh no he had forgotten something hadn't he.

The worst thing was the small hiccupping sobs that left her lips. The lamp on the table beside her was on and Jack felt stupid for thinking that a torch had been shone directly into his eye. But by god was it still bright. Jack was still squinting his ice orbs that seemed to be melting.

"What time do you call this?" She asked softly looking up from the table where the cake sat. It broke his heart to see her like this but not in the right way.

Jack hiccupped before replying "Um, 2 o'clock." Jack said looking down at his watch. He knew it wasn't what she meant but it was what it sounded like. Plus he was drunk he couldn't even stand straight or even think coherently.

"You were meant to be home 2 hours ago!" She said much louder than her soft tone. It made Jack flinch and suddenly the alcohol came back as a rush.

"Well I'm home no aren't I?" Jack began approaching her and when Heather was about to resort with something a pair of lips caught hers. Her word faded away in the back of her throat but she still struggled. This brought back so many memories of Jack coming home wasted after his team had lost a match of fucked up badly. It wasn't very often they usually one every game but occasionally they lost. You know what they say 'Gotta lose some to get some.'

"Jack come on-" Another kiss "I'm being serious!" She protested but Jack began kissing along her neck sending a tremor down her spine.

"So am I." He purred against her neck. "Let's make something out of this night, you're always complaining about the sex." Again she tried to protest but finally gave up. Jack was far the best at making her shiver and crumble but it was rare. When they were in high school they did it like bunnies but times have changed.

Sometimes she felt he only went out with her to make Hiccup jealous and she was probably right. But none of that was important right now she was going to show Jack what she still had it in her.

And she gave in.

* * *

><p>So that's it fucking short but I have no idea Naomi keeps giving me the shit chapters so she can show of what a good writer she is. And don't forget to Check **_Luck all around_****.**

Quick story guys! Today at lunch one of my friends snatched my phone out of my hands when I was reading Ereri and ran out of my form class. And I chased her all over the school but I gave up. Naomi said she wanted to go canteen because they were giving out free food and when we got there it was all finished. When we came out Naomi saw the friend who took my phone and pointed out she was standing with the deputy head and the heart attack I had.

**She came to us and told us he had confiscated my phone and I went

on rage! I was saying you can say good bye to Samantha because I'm dead and then I kept asking her because she was smiling and I kept asking until she pulled out my phone and gave it to me. Happy because I had forgotten by blazer I had to hold it and when I walked in the teacher was standing right there. So yes I ran again. I had the work out of a life time.**

I got away with it I the end though so yh. And no it wasn't a quick story :P

12. Chapter 12: A Moment of Sin

Hehe *smiles awkwardly* here's the chapter

A groan escaped Jack's lips as the alcohol caught up with him. The puzzled look on his face was almost comical as he felt the cool leather of his sofa against his naked skin. A strip of blanket was protecting Jack's dignity as he wondered around the house, trying to find some clue of the events that transpired the previous night.

"Heather!"

Jack winced as the sheer volume of his voice had a painful effect on his throbbing hangover. When there came no reply he concluded that she had gone somewhere and walked very slowly to his kitchen. Jack wasted about an hour in there before discovering that there was no coffee to wake him up. Alcohol was off the table " obviously. A breeze floated past and Jack shivered. Jack blushed at noticing his birthday suit and went off to find his bathrobe. Jack wandered further around his house just admiring the décor and layout. Upon discovering the absence of his phone, Jack searched the living room vigorously before finding it in his trousers. The trousers that were strewn across the floor along with the rest of his clothes. What exactly had gone on here last night? The last memory in Jack's head was Hiccup's cute face entering The Ugly Duckling. Then it went blank. It just added to his hang over so he just stopped worrying about it.

As Jack flicked through his news feed on various social websites, the bored look did not falter on his face as various photos of him slipping up were snapped and released for the world to see. Numerous tabloids had already written pages and pages of the star's wild day out. Jack also had 17 missed calls from his agent. 4 missed calls from Aster and an 'I 3 you' text from Heather. Well that was strange. Hiccup didn't even tell me happy birthday. Jack looked at his watch and sighed with slight annoyance. Even in his drunk state, his body had managed to wake him up earlier than usual so there was no excuse to not go to work. Jack started his daily routine in a distorted slow motion so as not to set off the ticking time bomb in his head.

After his shower, Jack threw on some Nike tracksuit bottoms and a t-shirt. He shoved his size 10 feet into Nike trainers and did the phone, keys, wallet check. He dragged himself out of his house and dredged all the way to the bus stop, 10 minutes away from his house. Jack hated the bus. He had a strong dislike for all types of public transport because of the groupies that were inevitably waiting for him.

"Oh my goody God. That's Jack Frost. Jessica are you seeing this? Jack fucking Frost is breathing the same air as me. Jack I love you!"

A random girl on the bus was drawing more and more attention to Jack and he could feel the blood rushing to his pale cheeks. Even a few guys looked like they were about to faint because they were in the presence of such a 'legendary' football player.

"No but am I the only one that can see him? Jack, I love you. You probably get this all the time but I am deeply in love with you. Take responsibility for my feelings. Right now!"

Jack Frost inserted both earplugs and sighed in exasperation. He would have to suffer this for the next hour and a half. Another reason to hate public transport - they always take too bloody long.

After the bus journey from hell, Jack walked into the studio and wasn't shocked to find almost everybody in the same state he was in. He hung his head from fatigue and proceeded to walk to the café only to bump into a very flustered looking Hiccup.

"Hey Hiccup. Did you have fun last night?"

Hiccup looked at Jack in utter and complete shock. Had he honestly forgotten the seven minute smooch they had both shared in a naughty little closet? The hurt was clear in Hiccup's green orbs and he ran away in embarrassment. He obviously didn't mean that much to Jack then.

Jack stared at the boy running away from him. What the hell was up with him? These days everyone seemed to be acting strange towards him. Heather was sending cheesy texts and Hiccup was acting like a stranger even though they had resolved their feelings towards each other. Hadn't they?

Shaking his head, Jack walked to the café to go get some coffee. He really needed it and Rapunzel's coffee was just amazing on so many levels.

"There he is everybody! The man of the hour. Give it up for Jack Overland Frost!"

Flynn Rider was met with a series of dirty looks as the café was filled with half asleep, half hung over, cranky adults. A few groans and moans were heard as everybody was silently killing Flynn over and over again with their minds. Silly because of the throbbing pain that resulted in doing that.

"Was that necessary?"

Flynn laughed. Rapunzel and only let him drink two beers and he was thankful for it. He left quite early yesterday and had to hear about the raucous events from secondary sources.

"I don't know lover boy. You tell me. I bet you and Hiccup got up to all sorts last night from what I've heard. You dog, you! I had a lot of girls but there's always that thin line between work and play. I mean office sex is like a guilty pleasure bu-"

Flynn received a thump on his head by a less than impressed Rapunzel. She gave him a look that said it all before sashaying of to the kitchen in the back.

"Well, that's my cue to tighten these lips amigo."

"Wait what? Me and Hiccupâ€¦ what?"

"Hiccup and I. And ask Hiccup. It's really not my place to say soâ€¦"

Jack snatched his coffee and stormed off to think about the recent events.

He woke up naked this morning â€" clothes everywhere.

Hiccup was hiding something about the two of them.

He had a blank spot in his memory.

Flynn knows what happened between them but wasn't his place to say?

Oh my God. He had slept with Hiccup. Shit!

****Samantha: Well, well, well, what do we have here eh?****

****Naomi: Shutup it's only a couple of hours and you've been late for weeks at a time.****

****Samantha: Well now you know how it feels when I say that I get distracted.****

****Naomi: Ye well I have dramas to watch so...****

****Samantha: Of course you do, just go watch your Korean people****

****Naomi: And you can just go watch your Japanese cartoons. *Sticks tongue out*****

****Samantha: K.****

****Anyways so sorry for the late chapter just had stuff to watch, boys to fangirl over... ****

End
file.